

"Who blessed mankind and humanised the world."

"The mighty dead

THE CHRISTIAN FREEMAN

AND

Record of Unitarian Worthies

BEING A HISTORY OF THE UNITARIAN REFORMATION OF RELIGION IN EUROPE AND AMERICA
DURING THE LAST THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS.

With some Account of the most Notable Works written by Unitarians.

No. 10.—VOL. XVII.] OCTOBER, 1873. [NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

As I am often asked for back copies of the CHRISTIAN FREEMAN to complete volumes for the binders, and can only supply at times some of the numbers wanted, I would now beg of the subscribers to this new series of papers, THE RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES, as the value of the volume will to a large extent depend on its completeness, not to lose any of the monthly parts. I can make no promise of supplying the back numbers hereafter to complete the volumes. We are printing monthly 5500 copies, and only a few of these are now reserved to bind into volumes, on the completion of the work.

R. SPEARS.

BY THE DEAD.

"SHE is dead," they said to him, "come away :
Kiss her and leave her ; thy love is clay."
They smoothed her tresses of dark-brown hair ;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair.
Over her eyes, which glazed too much,
They drew the lids with a gentle touch ;
With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell.
About her brow and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace.
And drew on her white feet her white silken shoes ;
Which were the whitest no eye could choose.
And over her bosom they crossed her hands—
"Come away," they said, "God understands."
And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence and scent of eglantere,
And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary ;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."
And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it. Alone again, he and she.
He and she ; but she would not speak,
Though he kissed in the old place the quiet cheek.
He and she ; but she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved ere-
while.
He and she ; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.
Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without
breath,
'Is there no voice, no language of death ?

"Dumb to the ear, and still to the sense,
"But to heart and soul distinct, intense !
"See, now ! I will listen with soul, not ear,
"What was the secret of dying, dear ?
"Was it the infinite wonder of all
"That you ever could let life's flower fall ?
"Or was it the greater marvel to feel
"The perfect calm o'er the agony steal ?
"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
"Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep ?
"Did life roll back its record, dear,
"And show, as they say it does, past things clear
"O perfect dead ! O dead most dear !
"I hold the breath of my soul to hear—
"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
"As high as to heaven—and you do not tell.
"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
"To make you so placid from head to feet.
"I would tell you darling, if I were dead,
"And 't were your hot tears upon my brow shed
"I would say, though the angel of death had laid
"His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid,
"You should not ask vainly, with streaming eyes,
"Which of all death's was the chiefest surprise,
"The very strangest and saddest thing
"Of all the surprises that dying must bring ?"
Ah, foolish world ! O, most kind dead !
Though he told me, who will believe it was said ?
Who will believe what he heard her say,
With the sweet soft voice, in the dear old way ?
"The utmost wonder is this—I hear,
"And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear ;
"And am your angel who was your bride,
"And know that though dead, I have never died."

This Outside Cover to be taken Off by the Binder of the "Record."

THE CHAINED HOST.

IN a small village on one of the most barren districts of the West of Ireland there lived a very poor widow, whose sole inheritance from her husband were two healthy children, girls, of the respective ages of three and five. Painfully and by the utmost effort she had contrived to pass two years of her sorrowful widowhood. Bad and scanty food, obtained only by labour too great for her delicate frame, had at last thrown her upon her sick bed, and death, in pity, removed her in a few days and without great suffering from her earthly troubles. The poverty of the whole parish was so great that nothing could be done for the poor orphans.

"If the children could only be got to Kilburn"—a village some miles distant—said one of the neighbours, after the poor mother had been buried, "a brother of their father lives there, and he could not possibly refuse to take care of them."

So a carrier who was going near to Kilburn, as an act of charity took the two girls—Lizzie was seven now, and Mary was five—in his cart with him. The timid children kept very quiet and close together, and the carrier hardly looked at them. Toward noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them the road to the left, and bade them go straight forward, and if they did not turn from the high-road they would in about two hours come to the place. He then drove off. The children sobbed out "good-bye," and looked after him as long as they could see the least speck of the cart, and then they both began to cry.

Lizzie ceased her crying first: she took hold of her little sister's hand, who had seated herself on the grass, and said: "Get up, Mary; we must not stay here if we wish to get to Kilburn. We cannot stop here on the road."

"I am so hungry," sobbed Mary. "We have had nothing to eat all day." And again they both began to cry; for Lizzie was equally hungry.

The children were very weak, and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. At last Lizzie fancied she saw a house, and pointed toward the spot. But it took them more than a quarter of an hour before they reached the farm house, for such it proved to be. With hesitating steps they entered the yard, for they had never begged before, in spite of their former misery. But at this moment they could think of nothing else

than their terrible hunger. The children, terrified, stood still at the door until an angry voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door and both children entered. The farmer sat in an arm chair by the fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word and to tell their errand. "Can't you speak?" he asked more roughly.

Lizzie at last took courage, and said, gently: "Oh, if you would be so good as to give us the least bit to eat—a small piece of bread or a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer; "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighbourhood. We have plenty of those here, and do not want them to come from other parts. We have not bread for ourselves in these hard times. You will get nothing here. Be off, this moment!"

The children, both dreadfully frightened, began to cry bitterly.

"We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lizzie. "We are so tired that we cannot move a step. If you would but give us the least bit to eat, we are so hungry."

"I have told you I would not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a threatening look. Lizzie quickly opened the door and drew her sister with her. The children again stood in the barn yard, but knew not what to do. Suddenly little Mary drew her hand from her sister's clasp and went to the other side of the yard; there was a fierce dog chained, his dinner stood before him in a wooden basin. Mary put her hand in the basin and began to eat with the dog. Lizzie went nearer and saw that in the basin there was some liquor in which a few pieces of bread and some boiled potatoes were floating. She, likewise, could not resist; she had but one feeling—that of the most gnawing hunger; she took some of the bread and potatoes, and ate them greedily.

The dog, not accustomed to such guests, looked at the children; he drew back, then sat down and left them his dinner, of which he had eaten but very little. At this moment the farmer stepped into the yard; he wished to see whether the children had really left, and when he saw this singular scene he was amazed. The dog was noted for his fierceness, and feared alike by old and young. He was obliged to be constantly chained, and no one dared to come near him except

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his master. Even the servant put his food before him in the most cautious manner. In the first moment the man thought of nothing but the fearful danger in which the children were, and walking quickly toward them he exclaimed:

"Don't you see the dog? He will tear you to pieces!"

But suddenly he stopped as if rooted to the ground; the dog had got up again and gone near the children; then he looked at his master and wagged his tail. It seemed as if he wished to say:

"Don't drive my guests away!"

At that sight a great change came over the man; the spectacle before him acted like an electric shock, and feelings such as he never had before seemed to stir within him.

The children had risen, terrified at the call of the man, fearful of punishment for having eaten, came with downcast eyes. At last, after several minutes' silence, the farmer said:

"Are you really so fearfully hungry that you do not even despise the dog's food? Come in, then, you shall have something to eat, and as much as you like." And then taking them by the hand he led them into the house, calling out to the servant, "Biddy, get some hot bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master—the brute had shamed the man. Touched by what he had seen, the farmer was anxious to make amends for what his conscience showed him to be a great sin. He seated the children at the table, sat down by them, and kindly asked them their names.

"My name is Lizzie," said the eldest, "and my sister is called Mary."

"Have your parents been dead long?"

"Our father has been dead two years, but our mother only died last week."

At the thought of their recent loss both children began to weep.

"Don't cry, children, said the farmer kindly, "God will, in one way or another, take care of you. But tell, me now, where do you come from?"

"From Loughrea," replied the child.

"From Loughrea?" asked the man, "from Loughrea? That is strange!"

He began to suspect the truth and asked, hesitatingly:

"What was your father's name?"

"Martin Sullivan," replied Lizzie.

"What—Martin—Martin Sullivan?" he exclaimed, jumping up at the same

time, and casting a piercing look at the children, thoroughly frightening them.

His face grew red, then tears came into his eyes; at last he sobbed aloud. He took the youngest child into his arms, pressed her to his heart and kissed her. The child struggled and called to her sister for help; she could not think what the man meant. Then he put down the little one and did the same to Lizzie, who took it more quietly, as she had seen that the man did not hurt her sister. At last, becoming more composed, he dried his tears and said:

"Do you know my name, children?"

"No," replied Lizzie.

"How happened it, then, that you have come to me?" he asked. "Has any one sent you to me?"

"Nobody has sent us," replied Lizzie. "We were to go to Kilburn, where a brother of our father lives, and they said he would gladly receive us. But I do not believe it, for our mother always said that he is a hard hearted man, who does not care for his relations."

"Your mother was quite right when she said so," said the farmer. "But what will you do if this hard hearted man does not receive you?"

"Then we will have to starve," answered Lizzie.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man, quickly. "It shall never come to that—never! Dry your tears. The merciful God has had pity on your helplessness, and has made use of a fierce brute to soften the heart of your uncle, and therefore he will never forsake you—never."

The children looked at the man in utter bewilderment; they did not understand what he said—his words and his behaviour were alike strange to them. This he soon perceived, for he added: "You are going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there! I am your uncle, and now that I know you are the children of my brother Martin, I make you welcome."

The children's tears quickly changed into smiles, and the meal which Biddy just then put on the table for them made them forget their grief. Patrick Sullivan had taken this farm about a year before. A kind Providence had directed the children's steps to him; but if the dog had not taught him a lesson of kindness who knows what might after all have become of the poor orphans. But He who is the Father of the fatherless would surely not have forsaken them.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

SCEPTICISM IN FRANCE.—M. Guizot says that Frenchmen are sceptical on matters of religion, but they like to see their wives and children devout.

A CHILD'S DEFINITION.—At one of the ragged schools in Ireland a clergyman asked the question "What is holiness?" A pupil in dirty, tattered rags jumped up and said, "Plaze, your rivenence, it is to be clane inside."

PROFOUND SERMONS VALUED.—Rector: "Well, Thomas, and what did you think of the Bishop's sermon last Sunday?" Tummas: "Sorr, oi, didn't loike it a bit; it was by fur too plain and simple to suit me; oi loikes a sermon what joombles the joodgment, and confoozles the senses, and oi never come acrost one to come up to yerself for preachin' they!"—*Pun.*

GUTHRIE'S LAST HYMN.—It is said that as Dr. Guthrie approached his last moment he requested his family to sing. He was asked to name a hymn, when he replied, "Give me a bairn's hymn," and one of the simple religious songs, suited to the days of childhood, went through its simple strains of melody to the heart of the dying preacher. When the soul, relieved from all its earthly supports, stands amid the solemnities attending the approach of the soul before the throne, it yearns for the promise in all its plainness and simplicity. It is the truth it craves; it is the promise on which it leans. It wants to feel the word of God in every utterance, and read the mind of the Spirit in every thought. "Except ye become as little children."

SABBATH OBSERVANCE.—The nations of the earth which now most respect the Sabbath, and most discourage labour, pastimes, and mere amusement, during its sacred hours, are the freest, the happiest, the most prosperous, and the farthest advanced in the progress of art, manufacture, and invention; and that city, or town, or village, or community, of any Sabbath-respecting nation, which best keeps the Sabbath as a day of rest for body and mind, is the most noted for all that is orderly, law-abiding, and substantial; and that family, of any Sabbath-loving community, which best observes it by quiet, by religious worship, and the performance of Bible duties, is the most substantial and respected and reliable in that community, while any individual member of a Sabbath-keeping family who most spends the hours of that sacred day in meditation, in worship, and the prayerful reading of the Scriptures, will uniformly be found to follow a blameless life; to possess the respect and confidence of the whole community; and all men will know where to look for him, however evil may be the times—to wit, on the side of justice and right, and liberty and law, and sterling principle. No man can be so blinded as not to know that the Sabbath is least respected where there is most of all that is vulgar and profane and abandoned; and that those who care the least for it are literally thieves and murderers, drunkards, prize-fighters, horse-racers, and the utterly depraved of all classes; and that these, the wicked, "do not live half their days." As a means, then, of longevity, of worldly prosperity, of individual elevation of character, every citizen will not only do what is possible in himself to secure a religious observance of the Sabbath day, will not only countenance and encourage others to do the same, but will volunteer his pecuniary aid to further these things in the community around him.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

REMEMBER—

If you your lips
Would keep from slips,
Five things observe with care—
Of whom you speak,
To whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

A HINT AT ATHEISM.—"At Frankfort," said little Simon, "I once saw a watch that did not believe in the existence of a watch maker. It had a very poor movement, by the way, and a pinch-beck case."—*H. Heine.*

THE INTERESTING PART.—The critic of the *Saturday Review* acknowledges that, in the childish days when he read the stories of bad little boys who perish miserably because they broke the Sabbath, he took much more interest in the adventures narrated than in the moral.

A TRUE STATEMENT.—Henry Ward Beecher, being asked if Unitarians are Christians, replies, "We have only to say it depends on the Unitarians. A man's being a Unitarian or a Trinitarian does not make him a Christian; it is of greater consequence that a man act rightly than believe rightly."

HARKING BACKWARD.—A correspondent of the *Episcopal Recorder*, in arguing for more carefulness in admitting men to the ministry, and persons to the communion, tells of a clergyman talking charge of a congregation "where the members had been accustomed to live as they pleased" who, after a year's hard work, "wrote to a friend that it was true he had got none into the church up to that time, but he thanked God (!) that he had got a number out."

JESUS.—Above all men do I bow my face before that august personage, Jesus of Nazareth, who seems to have had the strength of man and the softness of woman; man's mighty, wide-grasping, reasoning, calculating, and poetic mind; and woman's conscience, woman's heart, and woman's faith in God. He is my best historical ideal of a religious man, and revolutionises the vulgar conception of human greatness.—*Theodore Parker.*

THE AUTHOR OF THE ATHANASIAN CREED.—The *Hour* gives an account of a solemn procession on Sunday through the streets in the parish of St. Mary Magdalen, Regent's Park. It formed part of the mid-day service. There were six services during the day, and at the eleven o'clock service a grand procession of clergy, in the grandest of church millinery, acolytes, thurifers, choir-boys, and musicians, with bearers of banners. When the altar was reached the Athanasian Creed was sung, and then the incumbent, Mr. Stuart, preached. "His sermon mainly consisted of a defence of the Athanasian Creed, of which he said Christ himself was the author."

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Communications for the editor to be addressed to the Rev. R. SPEARS, 73, Angell-road, Brixton, London.

Printed by SAMUEL TAYLOR, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and Published by EDWARD T. WHITFIELD, 178, Strand, London.